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## THE SOUTHERN TELEGRAPH

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### POETRY.



#### The Broken Hearted.

BY ROBERT MORRIS.

I would that thou wert dead, devoted one,  
For thou art all too pure to linger here;  
Life's joyous sands to thee have fleetly run,  
And sorrow's hand hath made thee being sear;  
Thy girlhood was a pure and artless dream,  
And many a sunny hope has thrill'd thy breast,  
And many an air-blown bubble gill'd thy stream,  
Flash'd for a moment, broke, and sunk to rest;  
Emblems of youth and liveliness were they,  
And, like hope's fairy visions, pass'd away.

I would that thou wert dead, forsaken girl,  
That high, pale brow, enshrin'd within the tomb;  
For, as with gentle winds still waters curl,  
So fades, at sorrow's touch, young beauty's bloom.

Thou art too pure and fair for this cold earth,  
A thing too guileless long to dwell below;  
Thy voice has lost its cadences of mirth,  
The glory has departed from thy brow,  
And youth's pure bloom has left thy virgin heart,  
And beauty, like a phantom, for life part.

I would that thou wert dead, for life to thee  
Is as a broken reed—a wither'd flower;  
Dark shadows rest upon thy destiny,  
And storms of fate around thy fortunes lower;  
Wedded to one thy bosom cannot love—  
Banish'd from him thine every thought employs,  
Thou art in heart a bruise'd and wounded dove,  
And earth to thee can yield no future joys;  
Wearily passes life and time with thee;  
A dusky shadow dims thy destiny.

I would that thou wert dead, devoted one,  
And thy bright spirit disenthral'd of clay,  
Even as the dew-drop wastes beneath the sun,  
Thus, by disease, thy being wastes away;  
Oh, who that know thee when thou wert a child,  
With a glad voice and heaven-unfolding eye,  
A creature as the snow-flake undel'd,  
With a bright lip, and cheek of rose dye;  
Oh! who that knew thee then, can see thee now,  
Nor wonder for the beauty of thy brow?

I would that thou wert dead, and sanctified—  
Thy spirit with high elements is fraught,  
And that which scorn and cruelty denied,  
The lingering stealth of pale disease has wrought—  
Yes, death is near thee now, sweet Genevieve,  
And thou shalt haste to meet him with a smile;  
It is in vain thy gentle sisters grieve,  
Thy soul shall soon flee by each starry smile,  
That glitters brightly 'neath the calm blue skies,  
Like white lids lifted from pure spirit's eyes.

Thou shalt die gentle, sweet martyr, and the earth  
Will murmur glad, the flowers above thy grave,  
Sweet emblem of thy being and thy birth,  
With cypress leaves around thy tomb shall wave—  
And when the pensive stranger wanders nigh,  
His lips shall wail a tributary prayer  
For her who soon shall part prematurely die,  
For her whose seraph form shall moulder there:  
Farewell, sweet Genevieve—'tis sad to part—  
Farewell! thy beauty throbs a breaking heart.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

Selected for the Southern Telegraph.

#### MOONSHINE.

A Sketch from Marryat's Novels.

[CONCLUDED.]

"All right, sar, all right; dat last grog  
gib me fine idee—you neber ab more trouble  
'bout Missy O'Bottom."  
"Well, let's hear," said Cockle.

"I dress myself bery 'pruce, as you see,  
massa; I take nosegay—"

"Yes, I see that, and be hanged to you."

"Neber mind, massa Cockle. I say to  
missy O'Bottom, 'Massa no able come; he  
be sorry, so he send me.' 'Well,' she say;  
'what you ab to say—sit down, Moonshine;  
you bery nice man.' Den I say, 'Massa  
Cockle lub you bery much; he tink all day  
how he make you 'appy; den he say, 'Missy  
O'Bottom very fine 'oman; make very  
fine wife.' Den missy O'Bottom say, 'Top  
a moment,' and she bring a bottle from cup-  
board, and me drink something did make  
t'mach feel really warm, and den she say,  
'Moonshine, what you massa say?' Den I  
say, 'Massa say you fine 'oman; make  
good wife; but he shake um head, and say,  
'I am bery old man, no good for noting; I  
tink all day how I make her 'appy, and I  
find out—Moonshine, you young man, you  
fandome feller, you good servant; I not  
like you go away, but I tink you make  
missy O'Bottom very fine 'usband; so I not  
care for myself; you go to missy O'Bottom,  
and tell I send you; dat I part wid you,  
and gib you to her for 'usband.'"

Cockle and I burst out laughing. "Well,  
what did Mrs. Rowbottom say to that?"

"She jump up, and try to catch me by  
de hair, but I bob my head, and she miss.

Den she say 'You filthy black rascal; you  
tell you massa, 'pose he eber come here, I  
break his white bald pate; and 'pose you  
eber come here, I smash you woolly black  
skull.' Dat all, massa Cockle; you see all  
right now, and I quite dry wid talking."

"All right, do you call it? I never meant  
to quarrel with the old woman; what do ye  
think, Bob—is it all right?"

"Why, you must either have quarrelled  
with her or married her, that's clear."

"Well, then, I'm clear of her, and so it's  
all right. It sinit every man who can work  
out of matrimony by sacrificing a nosegay  
and two glasses of grog."

"Tree glasses, massa Cockle," said  
Moonshine.

"Well, three glasses; here it is, you dog,  
and it's dog cheap too. Thank God, next  
Wednesday is quarter day. Bob, you must  
dine with me—cut the service for to-day."

"With all my heart," replied I, "and I'll  
salve my conscience by walking the beach  
all night; but, Cockle, look here, there's  
but a drop in the bottle, and you have no  
more. I am like you, with a clean swept  
bald. You acknowledge the difficulty?"

"It stares me in the face, Bob; what  
must be done?"

"I'll tell you—in the first place, what  
have you for dinner?"

"Moonshine, what have we got for din-  
ner?"

"Dinner, sar? me not yet tink about din-  
ner. What you like to ab, sar?"

"What have we got in the house, Moon-  
shine?"

"Let me see, sar: first place, we ab  
very fine piece picklum pork; den we hab  
picklum pork; and den—let me tink—den  
we hab—we hab picklum pork, sar."

"The long and short of it is, Bob, that  
we have nothing but a piece of pickled  
pork. Can you dine off that?"

"Can a duck swim, Cockle?"

"Please, sar, we ab plenty pea for dog-  
buddy," said Moonshine.

"Well, then, Cockle, as all that is re-  
quired is to put the pot on the fire, you can  
probably spare Moonshine, after he has  
done that, and we will look to the cookery;  
start him off with a note to Mr. Johns, and  
he can bring back a couple of bottles from  
my quarters."

"Really, dat very fine tought, massa Far-  
ran; I put in pork, and den I go and come  
back in one hour."

"That you never will, Mr. Moonshine,  
what's o'clock now? Mercy on us, how  
time flies in your company, Cockle; it is  
nearly four o'clock; it will be dark at six."

"Neber mind, sar, me always ab moon-  
shine where'er I go," said the black,  
showing his teeth.

"It will take two hours to boil the pork,  
Bob; that fellow has been so busy this  
morning that he has quite forgot the din-  
ner."

"All you business, massa Cockle."

"Very true; but now start as soon as  
you can, and come back as soon as you  
can; here's the note."

Moonshine took the note, looked at the  
direction as if he could read it, and in a few  
minutes he was seen to depart.

"And now, Cockle," said I, "as Moon-  
shine will be gone some time, suppose you  
spin us a yarn, to pass away the time."

"I'll tell you what, Bob, I am not quite  
so good at that as I used to be. I've an idea  
that when my pate became bald, my mem-  
ory oozed away by insensible perspiration."

"Never mind—you must have something  
left—you can't be quite empty."

"No, but my tumbler is; so I'll just fill  
that up, and then I'll tell you how it was  
that I came to go to sea."

"The very thing that I should like to  
hear about all others."

"Well, then, you must know that, like  
cockles in general, I was born on the sea  
shore, just a quarter of a mile out of Dover,  
towards Shakespeare's cliff. My father was  
a fisherman by profession, and a smuggler  
by practice: all was fish that came to his  
net; but as his cottage was small, he was  
supposed to be poor, and a very bad  
fisherman—for he seldom brought home  
any; but there was a reason for that; he  
very seldom put his nets overboard. His  
chief business lay in taking out of vessels  
coming down Channel, goods which were  
shipped and bonded for exportation, and  
running them on shore again. You know,  
Bob, that there are many articles which  
are not permitted to enter, even upon pay-  
ing duty; and when these goods, such as  
silks, etc., are seized or taken in prizes,  
they are sold for exportation. Now, it was  
then the custom for vessels to take them on  
board in the river, and run them on shore  
as they went down the Channel; and the  
fishing-boats were usually employed for this  
service. My father was a well-known  
hand for this kind of work; for, not being  
suspected, he was always fortunate: of  
course, had he once been caught, they  
would have had their eyes upon him, after  
he had suffered his punishment. Now, the  
way my father used to manage was this:  
there was a long tunnel-drain from some  
houses used as manufactories, about a hun-  
dred yards above his cottage, which ex-  
tended out into the sea at low water mark,  
and which passed on one side of our cot-  
tage. My father had cut from a cellar in  
the cottage into the drain, and as it was  
large enough for a man to kneel down in,  
he used to come in at low water with his  
coble, and make fast the goods, properly  
secured from the wet and dirt in tarpaulin  
bags, to a rope, which led from the cellar  
to the sea, through the drain. When the water  
had flowed sufficiently to cover the mouth  
of the drain, he then threw the bags over-  
board, and, securing the boat, went to the  
cottage, hauled up the articles, and secured  
them too; d'ye understand? My father  
had no one to assist him but my brother,  
who was a stout fellow, seven years older  
than myself, and my mother, who used to  
give a helping hand when required; and  
thus did he keep his own counsel and grow  
rich: when all was right, he got his boat  
over into the harbor, and having secured  
her, he came home as innocent as a lamb  
I was then about eight or nine years of age,  
and went with my father and brother in the  
coble; for she required three hands, at  
least, to manage her properly; and, like a  
tin pot, although not very big, I was very

useful. Now, it so happened, that my fa-  
ther had notice that a brig, lying in Dover  
harbor, would sail next day, and that she  
had on board a quantity of lace and silks,  
purchased at the Dover custom-house for  
exportation, which he was to put on shore  
again, to be sent up to London. The send-  
ing up to London we had nothing to do with;  
the agent at Dover managed all that; we  
only left the articles at his house, and then  
received the money on the nail. We went  
to the harbor, where we found the brig  
hauling out—so we made all haste to get  
away before her. It blew fresh from the  
northward and eastward, and there was a  
good deal of sea running. As we were  
showing out, the London agent, a jolly little  
round-faced fellow, in black clothes, and a  
bald white head, called to us, and said that  
he wanted to board a vessel in the offing,  
and asked whether we would take him. This  
was all a ruse, as he intended to go on  
board the brig with us to settle matters, and  
then return in the pilot boat. Well, we  
hoisted our jib, drew aft our foresheet, and  
were soon clear of the harbor; but we found  
that there was a devil of a sea running, and  
the more wind than we bargained for. The  
brig came out of the harbor with a flowing  
sheet, and we lowered down the foresail to  
reef it—father and brother busy about that,  
while I stood at the helm, when the agent  
said to me, "When do you mean to make a  
voyage?" "Sooner than father thinks for,"  
said I, "for I want to see the world." It was  
sooner than I thought for, too, as you shall  
hear. As soon as the brig was well out,  
we ran down to her, and, with some diffi-  
culty, my father and the agent got on board,  
for the sea was high and cross, the tide  
setting against the wind. My brother and  
I were left in the boat to follow in the wake  
of the brig; but as my brother was casting  
off the rope forward, his leg caught in the  
hight, and into the sea he went. However,  
they hauled him on board, leaving me alone  
in the coble. It was not of much conse-  
quence, as I could manage to follow before  
the wind, under easy sail, without assist-  
ance; so I kept her in the wake of the brig,  
both of us running nearly before it at the  
rate of five miles an hour, waiting till my  
father should have made up his packages of  
a proper size, to walk through the tunnel  
drain.

The channel was full of ships, for the  
westwardly winds had detained them for a  
long time. I had followed the brig about  
an hour, when the agent went on shore in  
a pilot boat, and I expected my father would  
soon be ready; then the wind veered more  
towards the southward, with dirt; at last it  
came on foggy, and I could hardly see the  
brig, and, as it rained hard and blew harder,  
I wished that my father was ready, for my  
arms ached with steering the coble for so  
long a while. I could not leave the helm,  
so I steered on at a black lump, as the brig  
looked through the fog; at last, the fog was  
so thick that I could not see a yard beyond  
the boat, and I hardly knew how to steer.  
I began to be frightened; tired and cold,  
and hungry, I certainly was. Well, I steered  
on for more than an hour, when the fog  
cleared up a little, and then I saw the stern  
of the brig just before me. My little heart  
jumped with delight, and I expected that she  
would round to immediately, and that my  
father would praise me for my conduct;  
and, what was still more to the purpose,  
that I should get something to eat and  
drink. But no: she steered on right down  
Channel, and I followed for more than an  
hour longer, when it came on to blow very  
hard, and I could scarcely manage the boat—  
she pulled my little arms off, and I was  
quite exhausted. The weather now cleared  
up, and I could make out the vessel plain-  
ly; and I immediately discovered that it  
was not the brig, but a bark which I got  
hold of in the fog, so that I did not know  
what to do: but I did as most boys of nine  
years old would have done who were fright-  
ened—I sat down and cried, still, however,  
keeping the tiller in my hand, and steering  
as well as I could. At last, I could hold it  
no longer; I ran forward, let go the fore  
and jib bauls, and hauled down the sails;  
drag them into the boat I could not,  
and there I was, like a young bear adrift in  
a washing tub. I looked all around me,  
and there were no vessels near; the bark  
had left me two miles astern; it was blow-  
ing a gale from the S.E., with a heavy sea;  
the gulls and sea-birds wheeled and scream-  
ed in the storm; and, as I thought, when  
they came close to me, looked at me with  
their keen eyes, as much as to say, "What  
the deuce are you doing there?" The boat  
was as light as a cork, and although she  
was tossed and rolled about so that I was  
obliged to hold on, she slipped no water of  
any consequence; for the jib in the water  
forward had brought her head down, and  
acted as a sort of floating anchor. At last,  
there was nothing in sight; so I laid down  
in the bottom of the boat, and fell asleep.  
It was day-light before I awoke, and then I  
got up in the boat and looked around me. It  
blow harder than ever; and, although there  
were some vessels at a distance, scudding  
before the gale, they did not mind, or per-  
haps see me. I sat very melancholy the  
whole day; the tears ran down my cheeks;  
my eyes were full of salt from the spray; I  
saw at last nothing but the roaring and  
trembling waves. I prayed every prayer I  
knew; that is, I said the Lord's Prayer, the  
Belief, and as much of the Catechism as I  
could recollect. It rained in torrents—I  
was wet, starving, and miserably cold. At  
night, I again fell asleep from exhaustion.  
The morning broke again, and the sun  
shone; the gale was breaking off, and I felt  
more cheered; but I was now ravenous  
from hunger, as well as choking from thirst,  
and I was so weak that I could scarcely  
stand. I looked round me every now and  
then, and lay down again. In the afternoon,  
I saw a large vessel standing right for me;

this gave me courage and strength. I stood  
up and waved my hat, and they saw me.  
The sea was still running very high, but  
the wind had gone down. She rounded to  
so as to bring me under her lee. Send a  
boat she could not, but the sea bore her  
down upon me, and I was soon close to her.  
Men in the chains were ready with ropes,  
and I knew that this was my only chance.  
At last, a very heavy sea bore her right  
down upon the boat, lurching over on her  
beam ends; her main chains struck the  
boat and sent her down, while I was seized  
by the scuff of the neck by two seamen, and  
borne aloft by them as the vessel returned  
to the weather-roll. They hauled me in,  
and I was safe. It was neck or nothing  
with me then—wasn't it, Bob?"

"It was indeed a miraculous escape,  
Cockle."

"Well, as soon as they had given me  
something to eat, I told my story; and it  
appeared that she was an East Indiaman  
running down Channel, and not likely to  
meet with any thing to send me back again.  
The passengers, especially the ladies, were  
very kind to me; and as there was no help  
for it, why, I took my first voyage to the  
East Indies."

"And your father and your brother?"

"Why, when I met them, which I did  
about six years afterwards, I found that they  
had been in much the same predicament,  
having lost the coble, and the weather  
being so bad that they could not get on  
shore again. As there was no help for it,  
they took their first voyage to the West In-  
dies; so there was a dispersion of a united  
family—two went West and one went East;  
coble went down, and mother, after waiting  
a month or two, and supposing father dead,  
went off with a soldier. All dispersed by  
one confounded gale of wind from north-  
ward and eastward: so that's the way that  
I went to sea, Bob. And now it's time that  
Moonshine was back."

But, Moonshine kept us waiting for some  
time; when he returned, it was quite dark,  
and we had lighted candles, anxiously wait-  
ing for him; for not only was the bottle  
empty, but we were hungry. At last we  
heard a conversation at the gate, and Moon-  
shine made his appearance with the bottles  
of spirits, and appeared himself to be also  
in high spirits. The pork and peas pudding  
were soon on the table. We dined heartily,  
and were sitting over the latter part of the  
first bottle, in conversation, it being near  
upon the eleventh hour, when we heard a  
noise at the gate—observed some figures of  
men, who stayed a short time, and then dis-  
appeared. The door opened, and Moon-  
shine went out. In a few seconds he re-  
turned, bringing in his arms an anker of  
spirits, which he laid on the floor, grinning  
so wide that his head appeared half off;  
without saying a word, he left the room,  
and returned with another.

"Why, what the devil's this?" cried  
Cockle.

Moonshine made no answer, but went  
out and in, until he had brought six ankers  
in, one after another, which he placed in a  
row on the floor. He then shut the outside  
door, bolted it, came in, and seating himself  
on one of the tubs, laughed to an excess  
which compelled him to hold his sides;  
during which Cockle and I were in a state  
of astonishment and suspense.

"Where the devil did all these come  
from?" cried Cockle, actually getting out of  
his easy chair. "Tell me, sir, or by—"

"I tell you all, massa Cockle: you find  
me better friend dan missy O'Bottom. Now  
you ab plenty, and neber need scold moon-  
shine, 'pose he take lilly drop. I get all  
this present to you, massa Cockle."

I felt a great degree of anxiety, and  
pressed Moonshine to his story.

"I tell you all, sar; when I come back  
wid de tubs, I meet plenty men wid de  
tubs: dey say, 'D-n you, who be you?' I  
say, 'I come from station; bring massa  
two bottle, and I show um. Den dey say,  
'Where you massa?' and I say, 'At um  
house at Ryde.' (Den dey tink dat you  
my massa, massa Farran;) so dey say,  
'Yes, we know dat—we watch him dere;  
but now you tell, so we beat you dead.'  
Den I say, 'What for dat? massa like drink,  
why you no gib massa some tub, and den  
he neber say noting, only make fuss some  
time, 'cause of admiralty.' Den dey say,  
'You sure of dat?' and I say, 'Quite sure,  
massa neber say one word.' Den dey talk  
long while; last dey come and say, 'You  
come wid us and show massa house?' So  
two men come wid me, and when dey come  
to gate I say, 'Dis massa house when he  
live at Ryde, and dere you see massa;—  
and I point to massa Cockle, but dey see  
massa Farran; so dey say, 'All very good;  
three, four hour more, you find six tub here;  
tell your massa dat every time run tub, he  
always hab six; den dey go away; den dey  
come back, leave tub; dat all, massa.'"

"You rascal!" exclaimed I, rising up,  
"so you have compromised me? Why, I  
shall lose my commission, if found out."

"No, sar; nobody wrong but de smug-  
gler: dey make a lilly mistake; case you  
brought to court-martial, I gib evidence, and  
den I clear you."

"But what must we do with these tubs,  
Cockle?" said I, appealing to him.

"Do, Bob? why, they are a present—a  
very welcome one, and a very handsome  
one, in the bargain. I shall not keep them.  
I pledge you my word; let that satisfy you;  
they shall all be fairly entered."

"Upon that condition, Cockle," I replied,  
"I shall, of course not give information of  
you." (I knew full well what he meant by  
saying, "I shall not keep them.")

"How I do, massa Cockle!" said Moon-  
shine, with a grave face; "I take um to  
the custom-house to-night, or to-morrow  
morning."

"To-morrow, Moonshine," replied Cockle;  
"at present, just put them out of sight."

I did not think it prudent to make any  
further inquiries; but I afterwards discover-  
ed that the smugglers, true to their word,  
and still in error, continued to leave six tubs  
at old Cockle's garden, whenever they suc-  
ceeded in running a cargo, which, notwith-  
standing all our endeavors, they constantly  
did. One piece of information I gained  
from this affair, which was, the number of  
cargoes which were run, compared to those  
which were seized during the remainder of  
the time I was on that station, and found it  
to be in the proportion of ten to one. The  
cargoes run were calculated by the obser-  
vation of old Cockle, who, when I called  
upon him, used to say, very quietly, "I  
shouldn't wonder if they did not run a cargo  
last night, Bob, in spite of all your vigilance:  
was it very dark?"

"On the contrary," replied I, looking at  
the demure face of the negro, "I suspect it  
was MOONSHINE."

From the Ohio State Journal.

WASHINGTON, JUNE 22, 1836.

#### The Bill to Regulate the Deposits and Distribute the Surplus.

On Monday, the rules were suspended  
for the purpose of taking up the Deposit Bill  
from the Senate.

Mr. DICKINSON, of New Jersey, a brother  
of the Secretary, moved to refer it to the  
committee of the whole on the state of the  
Union, with instructions to separate its two  
branches, and make the provisions to regu-  
late the public deposits, and to distribute the  
surplus among the states, the subjects of two  
different bills.

An animated discussion arose on this mo-  
tion; and a division of the question having  
been ordered, the proposition to commit was  
carried, and the question on adopting the in-  
structions was negatived by a vote of 120  
to 96.

The Bill was then made the special order  
for Tuesday.

Accordingly this great and beneficial  
measure was taken up yesterday at the  
usual hour. During the morning hour Mr.  
M'KAY made another effort to thrust in his  
resolutions requiring the Secretary of the  
Treasury to report, at the opening of the ses-  
sion, what alteration could be made in the  
existing tariff, with a view to its reduction,  
what would be the best mode of diminishing  
the revenue arising from the public lands,  
and to state his views generally of the most  
convenient and advantageous method of re-  
ducing the revenue to the fair and constitu-  
tional wants of the government. The at-  
tempt failed. A suspension of the rules  
was required, and two-thirds would not vote  
for it.

Mr. M'KAY, who is a perfect master of  
disguises, and under a simple exterior, con-  
ceals much management and finesse, gave  
notice that he would on the morrow offer  
the same resolutions, and also ask leave to  
introduce a joint resolution and amendment  
to the constitution, authorizing the distribu-  
tion of the surplus. This intimation was  
received with such a burst of laughter, as  
made Mr. SPEAKER start up and rap vigor-  
ously to order with his hammer.

The House went into committee of the  
whole on the Deposit Bill. I was glad to  
see SUTHERLAND in the chair. I hailed the  
circumstance, as an earnest that the bill  
would be pushed through before adjourn-  
ment. The doctor is worth a dozen of Folks.  
He actually galloped through the various  
sections of the bill, and disposed of the  
amendments with equal promptitude. He  
had reached the thirteenth section before  
one o'clock. Had Mr. Polk been in the  
chair, that point would not have been ar-  
rived at in thrice the time.

It is not necessary to occupy any portion  
of your columns with the amendments which  
were lost. Up to the 13th section, it seem-  
ed to be the determination of the friends of  
the measure to pass it, if possible, without  
any alteration, so as to prevent it from  
being sent back to the senate, where it  
might be delayed. There appeared to be  
a general apprehension among them that  
the president would apply his veto; and  
with reference to that, it was important to  
send the bill to him as soon as possible—in-  
morrow or next day at the furthest, lest he  
might put it in his pocket, and make no re-  
turn of it during the present session.

Just at this stage, however, it was whis-  
pered about that ANTHONY, of Pennsylvania,  
had an amendment to offer, which, without  
making any material alteration in the bill,  
would render it acceptable to the president.  
It was even said that the amendment came  
to the House from the Palace; and was in  
the handwriting of Mr. DONALDSON, the Pres-  
ident's private Secretary. This caused,  
as you may imagine, a great deal of stir.  
Mr. ANTHONY rose and explained at length  
the points of difference between his amend-  
ment and the provisions of the original bill.  
As this was given in full, in the regular  
reports of the newspapers of to-day, I will not  
copy it.

The friends of the bill among the oppo-  
sition members were, at first, rather dis-  
inclined to go for it, although they did not re-  
gard it as an alteration of any importance;  
but the supporters of the administration, who  
were alertly disposed to save the bill; were so  
anxious for it, and made so many protesta-  
tions that it would certainly pass the Senate,  
and make the measure agreeable to the  
President; that our friends yielded, and left  
the matter in the hands chiefly of those  
whom CAMERLUNG and his little faction are  
now crying out against as recreants from the  
principles of the Administration.

After a long and animated discussion, Mr.  
ANTHONY'S amendment was carried by a  
vote of 125 to 81. A number of unimport-  
ant amendments were offered to the four-  
teenth section; but they were rejected; and  
the committee rose, and reported the bill to  
the House.

Considerable discussion arose on the mo-  
tion of concurring with the committee in  
the amendment offered by Mr. ANTHONY,  
but it was finally adopted, and the bill was  
soon after passed by an overwhelming ma-  
jority.

The Senate took up the bill to-day; and  
Mr. CALHOUN moved to concur in the  
amendment adopted by the House.

Mr. MORRIS spoke strongly against the  
amendment, principally because it created,  
as he thought, the relation of creditor and  
debtor between the general government and  
the states.

Mr. BUCHANAN was of opinion that the  
original provisions of the bill were prefera-  
ble to the amendment; still he would, for  
the sake of harmony, acquiesce in the altera-  
tion.

Mr. CALHOUN thought there was no va-  
riation in the principle, although the phrase-  
ology was changed. He believed that  
NO SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY WOULD  
EVER CALL FOR THE MONEY. (He might  
have added, that there would be great diffi-  
culty in getting it, even should it be called  
for.) He thought that, whatever difference  
there might be in the language, this would  
be the construction.

Mr. CLAY said, that the amendment had  
a great advantage in one respect—it im-  
posed a restriction whereby upon no state  
would a call be made for more than ten  
thousand dollars in any month. Although  
there was no substantial difference between  
the two propositions in other respects, yet,  
as the amendment was said to satisfy the  
constitutional scruples entertained in cer-  
tain quarters, he thought it ought to be ac-  
ceded to for the purpose of giving satisfac-  
tion and quieting consciences.

Mr. CLAYTON, who was absent when the  
bill passed the Senate, took the opportunity  
to express his approbation of it, and his con-  
viction that the amendment of the House  
was better than the original provisions of  
the measure.

Mr. WHITE started an objection, which,  
however, he withdrew afterwards, as the  
bill required the distribution to be made to  
those states which would, by law, authorize  
agents to receive it, those states whose leg-  
islatures might not be in session at the time  
of the distribution, would suffer some incon-  
venience, and perhaps loss. It was ex-  
plained, in answer to this, that no state  
would be held to have declined receiving  
the amount to which it was entitled, until  
after her legislature was in session for a  
reasonable time.

Mr. MORRIS repeated his objections and  
denounced the measure as a thousand times  
more dangerous than Mr. CLAY'S laid bill or  
Mr. WRIGHT'S proposition to invest it in stock.  
He declared he gloried in separation from  
the friends with whom he had sided when  
they went for such a measure as this.

The question was then taken and the  
amendment was concurred in. The ayes  
and